Staying no longer queſtion. *Earle* Ha? againe,
Said he, yong Harry Percies ſpur was cold,
Of Hot-ſpurre, Cold-ſpurre, that rebellion
Had met ill lucke?
Bard. My lord, Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your ſonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine honor for a ſilken point,
Ile giue my Barony, neuer talke of it.
Earle Why ſhould that gentleman that rode by Trauers,
Giue then ſuch inſtances of loſſe?
Bard. Who he?
He was ſome hilding fellow that had ſtolne
The horſe he rode on, and vpon my life
Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more news. *enter Morton.*
Earle Yea this mans brow, like to a title leafe,
Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,
So lookes the ſtrond, whereon the imperious floud,
Hath left a witneſt vſurpation.
Say Mourton, didſt thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mour. I ranne from Shrewsbury my noble lord,
Where hatefull death put on his vglieſt maske,
To fright our partie.
Earle How doth my ſonne and brother?
Thou trembleſt, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,
Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,
Euen ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpirritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in looke, ſo woe begon,
Drew Priams curtaine in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, halfe his Troy was burnt:
But Priam found the fier, ere he, his tongue,
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay, Your ſon did thus and thus,
Your brother thus: ſo fought the noble Dowglas,
Stopping my greedy eare with their bold deedes,
But in the end, to ſtop my eare indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with brother, ſonne, and all are dead. *Mour.*

Mour. Douglas is liuing, and your brother yet,
But for my Lord your ſonne:
Earle Why he is dead?
See what a ready tongue Suſpition hath!
He that but feares the thing hee would not know,
Hath by inſtinct, knowledge from others eies,
That what he feard is chanced: yet ſpeake Mourton,
Tell thou an Earle, his diuination lies,
And I will take it as a ſweete diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mour. You are too great to be by me gainſaid,
Your ſpirite is too true, your feares too certaine.
Earle Yet for all this, ſay not that Percie's dead,
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eie,
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it feare, or ſinne,
To ſpeake a truth: if he be ſlaine,
The tongne offends not that reports his death,
And he doth ſinne that doth belie the dead,
Not he which ſaies the dead is not aliue,
Yet the firſt bringer of vnwelcome newes
Hath but a looſing office, and his tongue
Sounds euer after as a ſullen bell,
Remembred tolling a departing friend.
Bard. I cannot thinke, my Lord, your ſonne is dead.
Mour. I am ſory I ſhould force you to beleeue,
That which I would to God I had not ſeene,
But theſe mine eies ſaw him in bloudy ſtate,
Rendring faint quittance, wearied, and out-breathd,
To Harry Monmouth, whoſe ſwift wrath beat downe
The neuer daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he neuer more ſprung vp.
In few his death, whoſe ſpirite lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleſt peaſant in his campe,
Being bruted once, tooke fire and heate away,
From the beſt temperd courage in his troopes,
For from his mettal was his party ſteeled,

Which